



THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

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SELECT TALES.

THE LAST SHOT.

I HAVE been down to Red Bank, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, below Philadelphia, to look at the remains of that little fortress, within whose rudely constructed walls so terrible a blow was given to British courage. Only a few remains of that memorable fort are now to be seen. The breast works are nearly levelled to the earth, and over some, the ploughshare of the industrious farmer has already passed. Nothing but a few misshapen mounds are visible, to point out to the stranger the scite where so much blood was spilt, where so many gallant spirits breathed their last. The neighboring farmer, however, will point you to the battle ground. His house stood within pistol shot of the fort, and during the attack, the balls whistled around his roof in shrill and frequent showers. He will tell you all that can now be told of it. He saw the battle from his farm-house—he saw the foreign foe advance; he heard their shout as they entered the outer wall, and in a moment after, he saw them hurrying back, bearing with them the body of their lamented and ill-fated DONOP.

The fort at Red Bank was thrown up hastily by a handfull of Americans. They constructed two walls, or two forts, one within the other—the outer one of which was not completed when the enemy attacked it. At the head of a chosen band of men, Donop entered the outer wall, and thinking the fort taken by surprise, gave a shout of exultation, which was re-echoed by his men. They entered with shouldered arms. The feeble garrison, commanded by the gallant Greene, opened at once a brisk and murderous fire. I knew a Jerseyman who was in the fortress. He told me every particular. The narrow limits in which the assailants were confined, and the unlooked for repulse, threw them into irremediable confusion. They fired a few shots, and hastily retired, just as the Americans had fired their eighth round of ammunition—and they had but nine rounds to a man. As the enemy turned about, a volunteer in the fort, whose musket had snapped, pulled the trigger a second time—the last shot from the fort—and the gallant, the misguided, the accomplished Donop fell, among a breastwork of his own dying men!

The enemy retreated to Philadelphia in the greatest confusion. Terrible slaughter had been made in their ranks, and they trembled for the whizzing of the next platoon of balls. Four pieces of brass cannon, which they brought to the assault, were either buried in the earth on their way

home, or thrown into the neighboring creek. Searches have been made for them, but they are lost for ever. Donop was carried to the nearest farm-house, his wounds drest, and consolation given him. It was then that the gallant Hessian first saw his error. He was a mere hireling in the enemy's ranks. He had no enmity to Americans, for he was of an other country, and we had never injured him. Bitterly did he regret, in the agonies of that tremendous and humbling moment, that he had lent his aid to smother the bursting flame of freedom; and deeply did he weep over the ignominy of his end. He felt there was none to pity him. The British did not—for they paid his king for his services—his king did not, for his death ensured to him a stipulated compensation; and America could not, for he was a chosen enemy. Thus did the dying Count depict his situation, and cried, "I who might have flourished in the palaces of kings, am here, the victim of a mercenary bargain, left to die in a solitary hut, in the wilderness of America!"

A solitary mound, with a bit of rough stone at the head, in the margin of a wood, is all that now remains to point the stranger to the grave of Count Donop. His name has been rudely carved upon it—but the wanton sportsman makes the melancholy memento his favorite mark, and a few summers more will do away the slightest trace of where he now reposes. Such, alas! is military glory; such the reward of dauntless bravery and misguided virtue!

The hickory on which the banner of our country floated on that memorable day, is still rocked by the breeze that sweeps across our happy country. Long may it flourish in undying prime! I have cut a fragment from it, and it now stands before me in the fashion of an inkstand, from which the ink is drawn that wrote these transient reminiscences of that ever memorable scene.

M.

FROM THE MIRROR OF TRAVELLERS.

I once had two near neighbors, who lived in a couple of old fashioned Dutch houses, which though they made no great figure without, were very snug and comfortable within, and accorded very well with their circumstances, which were but moderate. One of the houses had sunk at one of the corners a few inches, in consequence of some little defect in the foundation; but this had happened twenty years before, and the building had ever since remained perfectly stable, being reckoned not the least injured, or the worse for its eccentricity of shape. The other house had some little defect in the chimney, which although it might as well

not have been there, was no serious consequence. Both lived perfectly content, and if a wish would have removed these effects, they would hardly have taken the trouble to utter it.

In process of time, however, the spirit of improvement got into our part of the town, and some great little busy body, suggested to the owners of the two houses, the perfect ease with which the sunken corner and crooked chimney, might be remedied at a trifling expense. At first they wisely shook their heads; but the advice was repeated every day, and every body knows that the perpetual repetition of the same thing, is like the dropping of water—it will wear away a stone at last. My two neighbors at length began to talk over the matter seriously together, and one day came to consult me on the matter. "Let very well alone," said I, and they went away, according to custom to do exactly contrary to the advice they came to solicit. The owner of the house with the sunken corner, and he of the crooked chimney, accordingly the next day went to work under the direction of the disciple of public improvements, to remedy these mortal inconveniences which they had borne for more than twenty years with the most perfect convenience. One got a great jack-screw under the delinquent corner; the other raised a mighty beam against his chimney, and to work they went, screwing and pushing with a vengeance. In less than fifteen minutes, the crooked chimney, being stubborn with age, and withal infirm, instead of quietly returning to the perpendicular, broke short off, upon the garret floor, carried that with it, and the whole mass stopped not to rest, till it found solid bottom in the cellar. It was well that the dame and all the children, were out of doors, witnessing the progress of the experiment. Here was an honest, comfortable little Dutch house, sacrificed to the improvement of a crooked chimney.

The man of the sunken corner, succeeded to his utter satisfaction in placing the four corners on a level, and was delighted with his improvement; until going into his house, he beheld with utter dismay, that the shock given to the old edifice, and the disturbance of its various parts which had cemented by time into one solid mass, had cracked his walls, so that they looked like a fish net, dislocated the window sills, removed the ends of the beams from their ancient resting places, in short, wrecked the whole establishment. It was become like a sieve, and the next time it rained, the whole family came out like drowned rats. There was not a dry corner in the whole house, nor a dry thread

on its occupants.

The poor man set himself to work to remedy these inconveniences, and from time to time laid out a great deal of money, in stopping crannies and setting the dislocated limbs. But all would not do—The whole frame of the edifice had shaken to the centre, by the disturbance of its parts. There was no mending it; and nothing was left but to pull it down, and build a new one, with all the modern improvements. The man of the crooked chimney is resolved to do the same. But the man who begins to dig a new cellar, very often commences undermining his own prosperity. The houses were at last finished, and very fine houses they were—but they did not belong to the owners. They were mortgaged for more than half they were worth, and in process of time money growing very scarce, they were sold for just enough to satisfy the creditors. The end of all was, that my neighbors had changed the little houses with the sunken corner and crooked chimney for an immense mansion without walls or chimney. They were literally turned out of doors. "I wish we had let very well alone," said they to me, as they departed to the wilderness to begin the world anew.

ORIGINAL.

THE WRECKER.

"A ship upon the breakers! put the helm to larboard—let the main sheet go!" cried the youthful Raymond from the mast of his little wrecking schooner, as he lowered his glass, having fully satisfied himself that a vessel was ashore among the dangerous breakers that abound in that part of the Atlantic Ocean, where it receives the mighty torrent from the Gulf of Mexico. Driven from his native village in New Hampshire, by the persecutions of the friends of one to whom he had from childhood been devotedly attached, and to whom he had avowed an everlasting affection; at the age of one-and-twenty, Raymond took to the ocean, and adopted the precarious and dangerous calling of a sailor. Rough and rugged was his fortune during three years of his pilgrimage upon the ocean. Separated from all that he loved—from the fire-side of his paternal roof—his mother, and a family of dearly cherished brothers, few and unsatisfactory were the tidings which occasionally reached him from his distant home—and still dearly did he love that home, because of the very uncertainty which hung about it. Within a mile of it resided his Maria, the daughter of a farmer in no better standing than himself, but who had resolutely refused to receive him as his son-in-law, merely because the suitor was poor! But Raymond knew himself sufficiently to believe that he was able to maintain her in a style as comfortable as that of her father's house—for he was young, healthy, prudent, and industrious—and what else could be asked of him by her who loved him with a doating fondness? He determined she should be his wife. Stratagem, therefore, was necessary, to effect his object, for he had even been refused admittance to the house. At an appointed hour in the night, Raymond procured a ladder, and approached the window of Maria's chamber. A gig was waiting near at hand to receive them. While in the act of raising the ladder, the father of Maria, and his son, attacked him with ferocious violence—and the son, the only son of this mis-taken father, though staggering under the weakness of a slow-

wasting consumption, exerted his remaining strength upon the head of Raymond. He, noble young man, refused to assault them in return—but, as soon as he had disengaged himself of the ladder, sought for safety in flight—yet, casting a hasty glance, at the window of Maria, he observed the sash cautiously lowered, in token that there was one at last in that unfriendly mansion who remembered him kindly.

Not contented with this repulse, the heartless father, unmindful of his daughter's supplications, resolved to grasp the ardent Raymond, with the iron arm of the law. A writ was issued, and it soon reached his ear that an officer was in search of him, to arrest him on a charge of burglary! Shocked at this brutality, he left the country for the nearest sea port, and embarked upon the ocean as a common sailor. Three long and tedious years he toiled upon the wave,

"With thoughts as boundless, and with soul as free," until, by following his new profession with an application which procured him many lucrative situations, he had amassed sufficient money to become the owner of a light built schooner, and was now the boldest of that fleet of wreckers, which is constantly cruising round the coast of Florida, for the assistance of vessels in distress upon the rocks. In this perilous employment he had been engaged but a few months, yet he had in that short time, from the extravagant sums given to him for relieving vessels when ashore, gathered a little fortune to himself, and contemplated an early return to his native village. Then, blessed with fortune, though suddenly, yet honestly acquired, he might claim his long remembered, and still devotedly beloved Maria. He possessed enough to make them more than comfortable—though he knew that even without any thing, they could be happy. For two years no tidings had he from home, nor did he even know whether his letters, given at intervals to ships bound to northern ports, had ever reached her. Had he known that every one of them had been basely intercepted by the yet suspicious father, and that his beloved Maria was sinking under the slow but sure approaches of that deadly malady, the wretchedness of a fond heart cruelly deserted, as his long absence and silence led her to believe, he would have turned back on eagle's wings, and braved the utmost fury of her father's hate, to cheer up and console that lovely being upon whose happiness he felt his own had always hung. But he had rested in the hope that some one of his letters had reached her, and in the certainty of his speedy return.

Maria, at last worn down with secret sorrow, and the bitterness of hope long deferred, was waning into slow decay. Her brother, in the last stages of consumption, was directed to inhale the bland and soothing air of the south, as his only hope of restoration; and, believing that a change of scene might once again restore contentment to the bosom, and the blushes of health to the cheeks of Maria, the father, tenderly attached to her, consented that she should be his companion. They embarked at the very port where Raymond first stepped on ship-board, and bent their course to the latitude of Florida.

"A ship upon the breakers!—let all go aloft!"—shouted Raymond to his active and obedient crew—and the rakish little schooner shot across the troubled ocean with all the velocity which a brooding spring gale could give. As the gallant wrecker bounded over the angry billows in the dimness of the coming night, a ship

was soon perceptible, thrown high upon a dangerous reef, her long yards lying flat upon the ocean, and her deck swept cruelly by every wave that came in from the angry deep. The surf,

"Tipped with a wreath high curling to the sky," buried her, at short intervals, in a cloud of foam, while the sharp rocks on which she lay were still more surely working her destruction. From the single mast that remained, the banner of his native country caught the anxious eye of Raymond, as its now ragged stripes hung crackling in the gale. Accustomed to such scenes of peril, and skilled to rescue those in danger, the kind hearted Raymond, reckless of the hazard to which he exposed himself and crew, but familiar with every nook and cove upon the coast, seizing the helm with his own hand, suddenly ran his little schooner within pistol-shot alongside the ship, and, breasting the surrounding surf, shot safely into a little harbor to the leeward of the ship. Here, defended by the ledge of rocks on which the vessel lay, he dropped his anchor in comparatively still water, and in an instant launched his boat, which a few strong pulls brought to the ship. Unawed by the gloom of night, that now hung around, he stepped boldly on her deck. It was deserted—not a living being was to be seen. With a strong arm he forced the door of the companion way, and descended into utter darkness. A dark lantern, which hung from his belt, and which he now opened, threw a bright and sudden glare around him. A female figure was before him, in the attitude of prayer. Cautiously approaching, he shrunk back in wild and terrible astonishment, as the light flashed full upon the pale and fear-stricken features of his own beloved Maria! Her quick eye, in that tremendous moment, caught the wild expression of his agonized, but fond countenance, and in a moment of unutterable joy, she rushed into his long unfelt embrace.

The morning sun shone brightly on the unruffled surface of the cove in which the little wrecking schooner lay. Silent and sad were the funeral rites performed over the body of that brother from whose hands had Raymond received so many indignities. The pain of meeting face to face was spared them, for the wasted body of the brother sunk beneath the battle of the elements, and his racked spirit left its frail abiding place amidst the thunders of the tempest. Yet with sorrow most sincere did Raymond read the solemn service, as that body was committed to the keeping of the deep, and the tear he shed upon the rough made coffin, came

"Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires."

Two months from this, a carriage was seen to drive up to the residence of Raymond's father, and that sorrowing family received their son and his bride together. A group of curly-headed urchins may now be seen returning from the village school, to the neat stone house by the roadside, near a mile from the village, and if you will stop the tallest of them, and ask him if his father ever was a sailor, he will tell, with sparkling eyes, the story of THE WRECKER.

Escape.—The Detroit Gazette gives an account of a boy who incurred great peril while harrowing, in consequence of a yoke of oxen taking fright and running while he was fixing the key of the yoke. He supported himself some time by the yoke, and afterwards hung by the chain about fifty rods. He then fell, and the harrow, loaded with a heavy log, passed over him, cutting the skirts of a strong new blanket coat completely off. He arose uninjured, and without even the slightest confusion on his person.

VARIETIES.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.—The other morning a young chimney sweeper was seated upon an alehouse bench, and in one hand his brush, and in the other a hot buttered roll. While exercising his white masticators, with a perseverance that evinced the highest gratification, he observed a dog lying on the ground near him. The repetition of "poor fellow, poor fellow," in a good-natured tone, brought the quadruped from his resting place. He wagged his tail, looked up with an eye of humble entreaty, and in that universal language which all nations understand, asked for a morsel of bread. The sooty tyrant held his remnant of roll towards him, but on the dog gently offering to take it, struck him with his brush so violent a blow across the nose as nearly broke the bone. A gentleman, who had been, unperceived witness to the whole transaction, pun, sixpence between his finger and thumb, and beckoned the chimney sweeper to an opposite door. The boy grinned at the silver, but on stretching out his hand to reach it, the teacher of humanity gave him such a rap upon the knuckles with a cane, as made him ring. His hand tingled with pain, and tears started from his eyes, when he asked what that was for? "To make you feel," was the reply. "How do you like a blow and a disappointment? The dog endured both!" This was a good practical lesson, the record of which will have better effect than a volume of ethics.

Military Precedence.—It was now for the first time that I witnessed the invidious distinctions of military rank. A young officer had just taken possession of a birth, which he was preparing to occupy, when a brother of the profession came up and asked him the date of his commission. Upon being informed of which, he laid claim to the birth, as being senior. The army list was referred to, and he was found entitled to precedence, his commission bearing date one day previous to the other.—*Malcolm's Reminiscences*.

A certain bellman, not a hundred miles from London, who prides himself on his intellectual abilities, whilst crying a stray dog, and describing its color, said, "it was all black, with a white face, and a brown nose!"

The first lateral navigable canal was commenced in England about seventy years since. At the present time there are nearly eighty canal companies in operation, who have expended thirty millions in their undertakings, and make a yearly dividend of 800,000*l.* upon their capital.

A French Mother's Advice to her daughters, lately given in evidence in a law proceeding:—"I must repeat to you what I before have said—you must take more care of your husband, and seek to please him, for he is a worthy man. You know that he is a little inclined to vanity; I do not say that you are therefore to be a coquette—on the contrary—be simple; but let it be a simplicity *recherchée*. Get up early in the morning, that is to say seven o'clock, or half past seven at the latest; arrange your hair and put a little gum in the curls, that they may remain firm during the day; then put on long stays, and a plain but neat gown, that fits well, and which suits your face and figure; this alone will give him pleasure. Then pay great attention to your household—work at useful things—spend no money in follies—do not make too free with your husband's pupils—do not lend money without

his consent, and never put yourself in a passion. One thing, of which I never yet ventured to speak to you, is, that, you have a great fondness for strong liquors, which get into your head and heat your imagination; pray think of this fault, my dear girl, and correct it."

A gentleman whose manners are rather pedantic, and who visits a certain borough on its market-days, required the ostler of the inn, a few days ago, to find a stall for his horse. "We have no room sir," was the answer. "But I must have a stall," was the reply; "I insist upon it; when I first came to this inn, it was the *sine qua non* that I should have a stall for my horse; I say it was the *sine qua non*." The ostler not exactly comprehending Latin, rejoined "Curse the *sign* of Queen *On*; you may go to that *sign* if you like: our *sign* is the castle inn, and here is no room for your horse I say."

Remarkable Sagacity of Dogs.—A short time back a gentleman residing in the upper part of Carnarvonshire, received an invitation from a gentleman residing in Middlewich, to spend a month with him. The gentleman accepted the invitation, and took with him a favorite greyhound. The next day after their arrival, a mastiff belonging to the inviter attacked the greyhound, and gave him a good drubbing. The greyhound immediately took to his heels and fled home to Carnarvonshire, a distance of about ninety miles, and the family there were surprised to see the dog return without his master. Next morning the greyhound and a remarkably strong bull and mastiff dog, belonging to the same gentleman, disappeared, and no trace could be found of either of them, until a few days afterwards, when a letter was received from the Welsh gentleman, saying his bull-dog and greyhound had arrived in Cheshire, and both had attacked the mastiff belonging to his friend, and had destroyed him before they could be separated.

A sailor boy on board one of his Majesty's ships, who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been ashore, asked leave last week to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alvetstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. He was evidently very much surprised at the ceremonial, and when he returned on board at night, he could talk of nothing but what he had seen at the church-yard. "Why what d'ye think they do with the dead corpses ashore?" said he to a shipmate—"How should I know," said the other. "Why then Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they put em up in boxes and directs 'em."

The Minister of a country church having complained to one of his parishioners that he often saw his eyes shut during the sermon,—"Aye, Master Parson," said the bumpkin, "thee doesn't think I hear wi' my eyes, do'ee."

Advantages of a large Bonnet.—Copied from a Chelmsford paper.—A miraculous preservation of life happened at Margate. A lady was walking on a cliff with a child when her bonnet flew into the sea; the lady starting to save it, fell, dragging her infant with her, into the ocean; fortunately she and her child fell exactly into the middle of the bonnet, when the lady using the parasol she had with her, by way of a scull, paddled herself ashore, to the great admiration of the spectators.

When straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with bunches of artificial wheat or barley in

ear, on which the late Miles Peter Andrews wrote the following lines:—

Who now of threatened famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes!
Our barns are now transp'rd to the drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries may thrash their wives.

A Thief Oddly Punished.—The following singular occurrence deserves a paragraph:—An evil-disposed person having, during the night of Thursday, or the morning of Friday, entered that large garden situate in Northertown, belonging to Mr. Fergus, for the purpose, it is thought, of supplying himself with Mr. Fergus's fruit, while descending from a tree, the chain of his watch got entangled with a branch, by which means he was deprived of that useful article, the owner of the garden finding the watch safely hanging on the branch in the morning. The watch is considered worth £3, and a gold seal appended worth £1. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that all thieves were as summarily and effectually punished as this one!

Byron.—At the time Lord Byron was one of the committee for the management of Dury Lane, a pretty young woman, who had been smitten with the disease of scrawling poetry, went to his house with her manuscript, to request permission to dedicate her work to his lordship. He received her in his library, and made many enquiries respecting her situation and mode of life. Finding she was dependent and had formed the intention of trusting to her pen for her future subsistence, he urged her in the most eloquent and gentle manner, to abandon such a thought, and pointed out the wretchedness of a mode of existence at once so laborious and precarious. He warned her of doing what she had then done, and counselled her never again to visit a young man, either in his own house or any where else; and having ascertained what she expected to receive for her manuscript, which he advised her not to publish, he presented her with a £50 note, and dismissed her, full of gratitude, and deeply affected by his dignified kindness and the sterling value of his advice.

The Mimic Reclaimed.—A generous act, or an act of humanity, will sometimes operate most forcibly in the minds of those who might not be expected to feel its influence. In the beginning of the last century, a comedian of the last century of the name of Griffin, celebrated for his talents as a mimic, was employed by a comic author to initiate the personal peculiarities of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, whom he intended to be introduced on the stage, as Dr. Fossile, in 'Three hours after Marriage.' The mimic, dressed as a countryman, waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of complaints with which he said his wife was afflicted. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and doubled on the patient. The actor having thus detained the doctor until he thought himself completely master of his errand, presented him with a guinea for his fee. "Put up your money, poor fellow," cried the doctor; "thou hast need for all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The mimic returned to his employer, who was in rapture at his success, until he told him he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to render such genuine humanity food for the diversion of the public.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15.

Prints.—There is a rich feast for those who like such things, (and who does not?) to be enjoyed in looking in the windows of painters and print-sellers in Chesnut street. Landscapes, and more particularly, beautiful figures of the loves and graces, and passions personified, are to be seen in endless and delightful variety. We have, in common with many others, whiled away some thirty or forty minutes at each, and left them with a kind of regret—especially as we have regarded them by the chastened light of our late Indian-summer days; and we dispute whether Byron ever experienced more pleasure in gazing at that speaking marble, the *Venus de Medici*. Within a week we have come face to face with Calypso and her nymphs, together with Iris and Hebe, those fabled beauties of the past. To the heavenly and guileless countenance of the latter, we took an especial liking. Nothing can be more expressive of the innocence and purity of youth. Sully has some touching sea-scenes always in his window; and like the great ocean of which they are the epitome they are constantly changing. Those we particularly noted were *The Ship in a Storm*—and *the Leaving the Bay*. The former is beautifully, and we may say, sublimely executed. The clouds, dark and heavy, save where their folds seem radiated by a lurid chain of lightning, appear ready to burst upon the ill-fated bark; and the waves are as near in resemblance to the reality, considering the size, as can well be. The appearance of the gulls, and the ship itself, laboring in the tempest, (to unite great things with small) are, to our thinking, finished pictures. No one can call a few moments lost, which he spends in surveying these things.

The *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1829, has appeared, and fully justifies the expectations of its numerous friends. The embellishments are of the most splendid kind, and are the work of our most celebrated artists, among whom we are proud to enumerate several Philadelphians. The reading matter, a larger quantity of which is contained in this volume than in that of last year, is distinguished by talent of no ordinary kind, and is entirely original. Many well known literary characters are named as contributors. Indeed, a very great improvement is visible in this department, which will undoubtedly increase the already immense circulation of the *Souvenir*. We understand that nine thousand copies are printed: and from the high character which this splendid annuary has always sustained, no difficulty will be found to prevent a profitable and rapid sale.

Sunday, June 30.—England is realising the benefits of her faithful observance of Public Faith in the most trying times. In addition to being the Money Lender to most nations of the world, she is becoming the great Specie Holder in Europe. Gold and silver, in coin and in bars, and precious stones, to the amount of millions, are continually pouring in her debts from Asia and the Americans.

Some of the English papers have the above article in relation to their resources and their power. *John Bull* is counting with exultation the money which he holds, and the millions he lends to other dominions. He forgets the debt of 900,000,000 pounds which he owes, of funded and unfunded debt,—and the interest of 50,000,000 pounds which arises therefrom. He buries in oblivion the grievous tax which sits like a mighty *incubus* upon the bosom of the English Body Politic, or the untold oppression of the nobility and gentry, upon the working classes;—that while my Lord and Lady, the Duke this, and the Earl that lounge in the Regent's Park, revel at Almack's or roll their glittering coach and four through the crowded areas of the Quadrant and Pall Mall, the taxed mechanic is slaving his life away for the might of the land, and with a cheerful heart, the result of innocent ignorance, toils for characters

blacker than the most degraded of the *ignobile vulgus*:—He forgets that the beggars are pouring out their complaints from St. Giles's to St. James's—and that 60,000 of the populace of that vast metropolis live at hap hazard, rising at morning, and mingling with sad hearts in the stir of the "Great Babel," homeless and houseless, without where to lay their heads, or the means to procure subsistence for wasted nature! And yet, His Majesty visits Windsor and Hampstead Heath; Wellington goes to the Wrestling Matches in the country;—while Old John, stroking his chin with complacency, counts his money which he holds for other powers of Europe, and with his eye blind to the mass of miseries around him, would persuade the world that there is not a cloud in the political horizon of England; that it is wrapped in sunshine.

I know of no place where a literary reader can better get the worth of his shilling, than by calling at the *Franklin Circulating Library*, in Third Street, just below Girard's Bank. You may there pick up almost anything you want, especially the choicest specimens of the floating literature of the day. The proprietors are remarkably prompt and active in procuring every publication as it falls from the press, for the gratification of their extensive circle of patrons; and of every popular work, a large number of copies is procured, for the supply of many at the same time. Of the new books just issued, you may there get the *Duke of Saxe Weimar's Travels in America*, *Miss Mitford's volumes of charming Tales of our Village*, *Neele's Romance of History*, *Dr. Walsh's Journey*, and last of all, the second volume of *Mrs. Royall's Black Book*, with many others that might be named. These books are no sooner announced by the publishers, than you may call at the Franklin Library, and be sure to get them for a moderate sum. All of the abovementioned works are well worth reading. We advise our friends to make a call at the Franklin, if they are in search of them.

The Designs of Russia.—A work, bearing this title, has recently been published in London, by Colonel Evans, a distinguished officer in the British army. It exhibits what the author conceives to be the real designs of Russia, in her present mighty effort to subvert the power of the Turk, and plant the banner of the Czars upon the Seven Towers of Constantinople. The work has caused much excitement in England. So many facts are brought forward to support the Colonel's theory—so many political intrigues and manœuvres are exposed, coupled with the fact, which every body knows, that the empire of the Sultan is invaded—as to make it clearly evident that the Russians mean to drive the Turks from Europe, and, in time, subvert the English supremacy in India.—A Russian on the throne of the Ottomans, has for many years been the darling project of that colossal power. Endeavors have been vainly made to smother the national ambition, until it was strong enough to hew down every obstacle in the way of its gratification, and now that the autocrat is sensible of holding in his hands almost unlimited power, the long delayed attempt is made. It has long been solemnly determined upon, in midnight conclave at St. Petersburg. Constantine, the legal heir to the crown, in consequence of an obligation to Alexander, relinquished it peaceably to Nicholas—but, without a shadow of doubt, under a solemn promise that a southern empire should be founded for him on the ruins of the Turkish dynasty. The time to make this promise good has now arrived. The autocrat has called his myriads of subservient vassals to the field. They have left behind them their inhospitable mountains, and have already penetrated the lovely climate of the infidel, whose fields are ravaged, and whose towns are sacked by this relentless and exterminating foe. From the fortress where Russian bravery has planted the Russian flag, the Emperor, with eager eyes, looks with exulting impatience to the walls of Constantinople—as the keystone to a second empire, and as the means by which the turbulent

and rebellious spirit of his brother Constantine can alone be stilled.

In the midst of this successful career, there appears no opposition. England is too completely crippled in her means, to offer any: and from her alone the most formidable interference could be expected. The other powers are but dust upon the balance when beside the giant of the north.—To rouse the English nation from their inactivity, and urge the Government to stop the progress of the Russians, is the object of the book before us. The author confidently predicts the total destruction of the English government, unless the Russians are arrested in their victorious march. The commerce of England will first fall, by being shot out of the Mediterranean; and the Russians, by their proximity to India, will soon overrun the frontiers with their emissaries, and irritate the native chiefs, naturally discontented at having their authority destroyed, to take up arms against the English. These things are by no means improbable. Already Constantinople totters to its fall—and when once fallen, no treaty can withdraw it from the grasp of Constantine. Backed with all the Russias, the newly founded empire will strengthen itself on every hand: and when it feels sufficiently strong, it will fall with overwhelming force on India, and at one blow reduce to nothing every evidence of British power. England lives only by her colonies—if they fall she sinks with them; and knowing this, the first attempt of Russia will be made against those which are most essential to her existence. Her possessions in India constitute these essentials, and they are most easily attacked.

The affairs preparatory to such an event, are rapidly approaching a crisis. France declines any interference, except compelling the Porte to acknowledge the independence of Greece, to do which, she has this summer sent out 15,000 troops from Toulon. Russia has an army of 300,000 men, and the latest foreign news inform us that heavy reinforcements are on their way. All the calculations which the Porte made on divisions among the European powers, he has abandoned, and now finds that he must depend solely upon himself.—The war, therefore, under present prospects, is a war of annihilation to the Porte. Yet events may occur, which will suddenly arrest the contest, and which may result in permitting him to retain his present hold. The jealousy of all the European powers is so great, that some quarrel will arise in distributing the spoil, which may end in a general war, and England in particular, knowing her inability to stop the Russians by force, will use all her arts to bring the contest to a peaceable conclusion, without driving out the Turks. France is not so deeply interested: because she has no colonies in danger, and has sufficient within herself to ensure a long career of national glory. As England retrogrades, France advances. Her navy has increased immensely within the last few years, and she now occupies much stronger ground than at any time since the restoration of the Bourbons.

The proposed emancipation of Ireland is full of interesting subjects for remark. The British government have been driven to this step by absolute necessity—because, in the event of war, she will need all Ireland to fight her battles. But with respect to England, the fact is evident from many recent events, that under a weak and vacillating ministry, her glory and her power are departing from her, and she is now no longer able to maintain her ancient rank among the nations of the earth.

Madame Johnson.—This lady made her second grand aerial ascension on Monday the 27th ult.—The day was cloudy; but the weather was no check to the curiosity of the public; and with a desire as strong as any to witness her voyage, we mingled with the moving crowd, and at about two o'clock found ourselves at the Liberty Inn, Poplar Lane. The grounds around were covered with a dark, humming mass of human beings. Entering the enclosure, we found preparations were

commencing. The casks, containing the materials for the process of inflation, and the large tin pipes to convey the gas to the Balloon, were displayed to the spectators; and it was a scene of considerable interest. We would describe the Balloon itself, had not all our readers beheld it, either in the air or on the earth; and did we not acknowledge our inability to do it with the use of proper terms. In an incredibly short time from the commencement, all was ready. Madame Johnson entered the enclosure, beautifully attired; her plumes waving, and with a smiling countenance, took her seat in the car. We watched her features pretty intently—and she looked perfectly calm and collected. The ropes were then severed and with the strength of a tiger released from his cage, the majestic object rose in the air. A shout of congratulation burst from the spectators, as the intrepid Aeronaut waved her flags from her perilous seat. The buoyant car continued gradually to ascend; and before we had crowded our way out of the enclosed area, her banners had faded to little white atoms, and the Balloon itself seemed but a diminished little globe, swaying about in the changeful atmosphere, and reeling in the abyss of heaven. It is impossible to look upon a fellow being at such a height,—careering amidst clouds and the sport of every idle wind, and the impression of each strata of air, without emotion. As we gazed at the little dark object, we could not but reflect how great must be the necessity which could thus impel a woman, with all the meekness of her nature, thus to jeopardise her life in a manner, which, did her situation permit she would gladly relinquish. We thought what contending emotions of anxiety and uncertainty were revolving in that immortal mind, thus pending between us and Heaven!—Isolated from the world—above and beneath her the abyss—and the fearful fluctuations of the atmosphere to encounter in a descent round which so many dangers elung! Doubtless much of this was felt;—and as we thought of the conflicts of that "human heart, with all its dreams and sighs,"—of the yearnings which must possess it for herself, and her fatherless children—and the fantasies which so rapid and perilous a flight must create in the strongest brain, we could not but ejaculate a wish, that the exertions of a mother for her offspring thus so clearly shown, might be directed into a safer and more agreeable channel.

We gazed till our eyes ached;—and climbing a stile, we turned to the scene around. The various cogitations and remarks of the crowd, to one who will turn aside to notice such little affairs, were rather of the amusing order than otherwise. Near by, beneath the shade of a poplar, which was ever and anon giving its offering of sere leaves to the wind, sat a pair of Hibernians, doubtless, denizens of the Northern Liberties. The one was relating with much precision the account of the ascension of Mr. Green, the English Aeronaut—on horseback. He described it as having taken place by inflating the animal at the mouth, until its weight was destroyed, and that its legs were tied to the earth, until Mr. Green, *a la Cavalier*, could adjust his feet in the stirrups, and button his coat! The hearer was at first incredulous, but was soon brought by the scientific explanations of his companion, clearly to understand the subject.

Dismounting from the stile, we approached a group of cits, who were making various speeches suggested by the occasion. One thought Madame Johnson's motives were more for fame, and to be "the observed of all observers," than for the sake of her children; but his friend remarked, that whatever his opinions might be, Madame J. was at present above his reproaches; that she stood high, and was beyond the reach of his animadversions. We set the latter down for a bad punster. A waggish sort of Quaker remarked, that "Madame Johnson had taken in high dudgeon the illiberality of the public on a former occasion, and being an aspiring woman, had become touched with misanthropy, and was now taking her flight to another planet." A sneer-eyed quidnunc at his elbow, taking every word for truth, made answer that he

"did not think that was right; for the people would be anxious for her return—and that, if such was her actual design, it should have been expressed before she left the earth, to save trouble and solicitude respecting her safety!" It vexed us to think that the group had so long beguiled away our eyes from the subject of their discussion; for on looking for the car and aeronaut, we discovered none; but extending our glance to the northward, the voyageur was descending, and her balloon was seen fluttering downward, a lessened spot in relief against a stretch of faint crimson sky. She was soon lost behind the yellow woods eastward of the Schuylkill; and as we have since learned, reached *terra firma* in safety, and appeared at the Washington Circus in fine spirits, in the evening. The height to which she ascended was amazing,—to our thinking, it could not have been less than two miles. Should Capt. Symmes penetrate thus far beneath the crust of this oviscerated planet, he would assuredly find the King of the Antipodes.

LITERARY.

English Literature.—Robert Montgomery, an English poet, whose writings have but recently introduced him to the notice of the public, has in press a volume of poems, most of which have appeared in print. His first production, the Omnipresence of the Deity, has gone through five editions, and the sixth is now announced as being in the press.

Tales of the Antiquary is also in the London press. The Literary Gazette says of them, "The author has invested the streets of London with a new interest, by collecting the legends, traditions—and curious facts connected with them in former days, and weaving them into a series of stories, of great variety of character, and strikingly illustrative of the manners of the times."

The Vale of Bolton, a poem, by F. C. Spence, is just published.

Mr. Garrington, the distinguished bard of "Dartmoor," &c. is preparing a volume of miscellaneous poems for early publication.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, so long announced, may very shortly be expected.

Among many other works announced, we find the following; The Philosopher's Stone, a Tale: the Transformation of the Beech Tree—or the eventful history of a favorite black chair—of which the Literary Gazette thus speaks: "The chair tells its story very prettily, and does not overload the reader with advice. Its good counsels occur naturally, and even in a way not less likely to be effectual than if more dogmatically expressed."

The History of George Godfrey, related by Himself, is said to be a good thing. Most of the reviews and literary papers have noticed it favorably. The New Monthly Magazine says "it is a novel of the good old Roderick Random breed."

Mr. Thomas Stewart had published a poem, An Epistle from Abelard to Eloise.

Solitary Walks through Many Lands, by Derwent Conway, in two volumes, is very highly praised. It consists of Tales and Legends, illustrative of Manners and Scenery in Hungary, Norway, and the Shores of the Mediterranean.

Account of an Expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the Years 1819-20. By Edward James, Botanist and Geologist to the Expedition: 3 volumes, illustrated with Maps and Plates, is published.

A Spinster's Tour in France and the States of Genoa is favorably noticed—although the title is somewhat forbidding.

The London "Keepsake" is announced with great pomposity in the newspapers. The publisher enumerates the following as contributors, among a crowd of others. Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Gower, Lockhart, Croker, Mrs. Shelly, Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and P. B. Shelly. It would seem that Campbell, Rogers and Moore, are the

only celebrated writers who have not either been bought up, or begged to write for the annuals.—The Keepsake will contain nineteen engravings.

The United States as they Are, is noticed by the London Literary Gazette in these words.—"The writer, who ever he is, appears to be an admirer of the United States, and therefore we may with greater propriety put faith in his sketches." Now it appears that Mr. Cooper is "an admirer of the United States;" yet when his Travelling Bachelor was published, this same Literary Gazette turned up its honorable nose with a puppy-like snarl, and abused the work with all possible violence. So much for its honesty. The simple reason was, Cooper is an American, and the author of the United States as they Are is an Englishman. But besides this, the Gazette has extracted nothing favorable to this country, but picks out an estimate of the merits of the Presidential Candidates, and very learnedly attempts to solve the mystery of the last Presidential Election. A more bungling piece of business we never saw.

A poem, entitled All for Love: or, the Sinner well Saved, in three Cantos or Sections, by Mr. Southey, with engravings from the designs of Mr. Westall, is in the press, and will come out in November.

From the "Sylph, and other Poems" by C. W. Thomas.

TO MY LUTE.

I cannot wake thy strings, sweet Lute!
As once they rung in days of yore—
Nay, let them lie forever mute,
Since he who woke them is no more.

That master hand that made them oft
To love's own rapturous language thrill,
And bade their music soar aloft—
That master hand is cold and still.

The heart that taught its pulse to play
Was ardent, generous, kind and true—
And still unwearied, day by day,
Would friendship's holy bond renew.

The morning's cloudless sun arose,
And saw us still together thrown,
But soon that heart's warm current froze,
And left me in the world alone.

A parting gift, this witching lyre
Into my trembling hand he gave,
And bade me still preserve its fire,
When he should slumber in the grave.

Oft had I seen his fingers fly
Along its chords in lively play,
Oft had I heard its measures die
Like fairy music far away.

Oft had I listened to its tones
Pour'd like the tempest loud and strong,
Oft had I caught its dying moans,
As 'twere the very soul of song.

Those rapturous moments, won from time,
Still does remembrance o'er me bring,
And thoughts arise from Lether's clime—
Sweet Lute! I cannot wake thy string.

I have no flame to warm the lay;
E'en what I had is quenched in tears—
And this weak hand, which fails to play,
Is not the hand of former years.

Chained to the dull and dreary oar,
Thro' eare's rough waves my course I ply—
They have no music in their roar,
And in their flow no melody:

In the bleak desert where they stray,
There grow few vigorous plants of thought;
Imagination fades away,
And fancy withers into naught.

Yet now to grasp thee, all I've lost
Back to my soul can almost bring—
But master hands thy chords have cross'd,—
Sweet Lute! I must not wake thy string!

Two Englishmen have succeeded in obtaining an exclusive privilege of hunting the otter, beaver—buffalo and other wild animals, throughout the territories of New Mexico and California.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE EXPRESS.

DURING that disastrous period of the revolution which succeeded the defeat of Washington at Brandywine, and his subsequent repulse at Germantown, the excitement of the public mind was deep and anxious, and the spirits of the whole nation seemed depressed and paralysed by the overthrow of their sagacious leader in two successive battles. The public expectation was on tiptoe for every breath of news, in hopes that it might bring accounts of some achievement which would wipe away the stain of Brandywine and Germantown, or lest it should inform them of some equally disastrous battle.— Towards the close of a wet uncomfortable day, a week or two after the defeat at Germantown, a horseman, heavily armed, and clad in a thick overcoat, which was nearly covered with mail, was observed to ride up from the river, through the main street of Easton. He stopped at the first tavern in sight, and enquired for the commanding officer of the station. It was presently noised through the town that an express had arrived, and the citizens flock ed in crowds to the house of the commandant, to learn the news. The stranger quickly informed him that he carried an express of great importance, and that he must be immediately furnished with guides to conduct him to the camp of Washington. Two trusty men were forthwith selected, and just at candle-light, the three started for Whitemarsh, whither Washington had retreated after his unfortunate attack upon the enemy at Germantown.— Pursuing an unfrequented path, they were descending a little eminence which overlooked the encampment, just as the sun rose, after a wet and fatiguing ride during the whole night.

As their jaded horses slowly descended the eminence, the bearer of the express, and his companions, could observe the line of centries pacing to and fro upon the wet grass, some distance from the tents, and a few officers and soldiers performing their morning ablutions. Three horsemen of their mysterious character, was an unusual sight at Whitemarsh, and the officers and men regarded them with fixed and anxious attention. The fact of their approach was passed into the tents, and a crowd of officers and soldiers soon appeared, all intently watching their designs. As they neared the centries, they dropped their muskets to a charge and bade them halt. An officer approaching the group at this moment, was told by one of the guides in a loud voice, that they had an express for General Washington; upon which they were instantly allowed to pass. Their business reaching the ears of the troops, an immense crowd was soon collected round them, so great as to prevent their proceeding only at a very slow pace. The impatience of the troops to hear the news could not be restrained, and they called loudly to be informed. An officer approached one of the guides, and putting his hand to his mouth, begged him, for heaven's sake, just to tell him whether it

was good or bad. The guide, who was himself ignorant of the news he was carrying, but ashamed to let others know it, put his finger beside his nose with a most important manner, and gave the officer a significant shake of the head, by way of reply, and which might be safely interpreted either way. He chose to receive it as favorable; and, pulling off his hat, gave three hearty cheers, which the surrounding troops immediately joined with laudable good humor—not one of them knowing what he was cheering about! The noise reaching the ears of those in the tents, they too gave three cheers, although no whit wiser than the others; and immediately joined the formidable cavalcade.

While the express and his guides were advancing, the aforementioned officer hastened across the fields to apprise Washington that an express was near at hand. When the concourse reached his lodgings, the multitude, dying with impatience to have their curiosity gratified, in their eagerness, tore the three from their horses, and bore them upon their shoulders up the steps of the house where Washington was quartered. At that instant, the commander in chief appeared from the far end of the entry, and beckoned them in. They entered a spacious room, in which was a large table, covered with smoking dishes, and to which Washington, with all his staff, was about sitting down to breakfast. The door was instantly shut, and the bearer of the express stepped forward to General Washington, informed him that he bore important despatches, and opening his coat, pointed to the left lapel, in which he stated they were concealed. Instantly a dozen knives were in operation, and in a few moments the despatches were exhibited—leaving the poor bearer with a ruined coat upon his back.

A stillness, unbroken but by the half suppressed breathings of the spectators, succeeded. Washington, seating himself at the head of the table, unfolded the mysterious document, and perused it silently. Not a muscle of his noble features moved—but his eye was seen to lighten up a little. Around him sat the flower of the army—Knox, Pulaski, and Greene, with Hamilton, his first aid-de-camp, on his right hand. While the General read the paper, the impatience of his officers, burning to be gratified, was with the utmost difficulty restrained; yet a solemn and death-like silence reigned within the room. At the window might be seen the equally impatient troops, endeavoring to catch some certain signal from the group within. When Washington had finished, he turned to Hamilton, and desired him to read the document aloud. Hamilton began with a voice already thick with joy—for his quick eye in an instant had caught the contents of the paper. But he began. It was the official report from General Gates, communicating the original intelligence of the total defeat and capture of the British Army, commanded by Burgoyne, at Saratoga!

When Hamilton had read merely enough to inform the company, the whole staff

rose from the table with tears in their eyes, and in the presence of their dignified commander, gave three hearty cheers. Washington, in a voice made indistinct and tremulous with joy, commanded them to order, which, with extreme difficulty, he succeeded in restoring. He then requested Hamilton to read the whole.— When he had done so, the officers again rose, and in the excess of their delight, upset the table, stamped upon the dishes and the untasted meats, and in spite of Washington's repeated calls to order, broke the breakfast table and its burthen into atoms.

Unable to restore silence, or careless to repress the honest joy of his friends, the General retired with Hamilton to another room, to issue new instructions suitable to the emergency. Meanwhile, the assembled multitude at the windows, the unsatisfied spectators of these extravagant demonstrations of joy, still ignorant of the cause, renewed their shoutings, and the air rang with the acclamations of five thousand veterans, not a man of them knowing what he was shouting for!

When the uproar had in a degree subsided, Washington returned to greet a second time the bearer of these welcome tidings. Addressing them with the kindest language, he told them they must be wet and hungry, from travelling all night, and that whatever they might wish, should be set before them. One of them, an honest German, proud of the attention shown him by that noble man, replied, with his arms a-kimbo, and with quite a consequential air, as if the fate of the nation depended upon what he had for breakfast, "Why, please your excellency, I'll have some ham and eggs!"—and accordingly, ham and eggs were given to him. A suitable reward was given to the guides, one of whom boasted, as he told the story with tears in his eyes, four years ago, that for that night's service he received five pounds in hard money.

The news was soon communicated to the neighboring detachments, who were quartered in the vicinity, and orders given to stop all stragglers going into the enemy, who had then possession of Philadelphia. Accordingly, an old woman, dressed as a market-woman, and bearing some panniers on her horse, was stopped the same day by Captain Craig, at Moretown, a few miles from the city, and examined. On taking off her bonnet, to which she made a stout resistance, a bundle was discovered in her hair. It proved to be the official despatches from Burgoyne to General Howe, informing him of his disastrous capture. They had been brought as far as Basking-ridge, in Jersey, by express, but, fearful of detection if attempted to be delivered by a man, were there entrusted to a female disguised as a market-woman. The heroine was immediately remounted on her horse with uncomfortable quickness, and started off for Philadelphia with this satisfactory ejaculation, "That if she had such news to take to General Howe, she might be off with them as soon as she pleased!" M.

MY GREEN TABLE.

Lord Byron.—An application was lately made to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the gifted and lamented *Lord Byron*. The clerical authorities refused to listen in any wise to the proposal, and some strong remarks were the consequence in the London papers. The *Morning Post*, a paper mostly devoted to fashionable news, the airings of the King, and the visits of Dukes, Earls, Baronets, etc., has a very unmanly and illiberal article upon the subject, in which the reverend gentlemen are defended on the score of the immoral tendency of *Lord Byron's* productions.

To illustrate the ignorance of editors who pretend to be at home with regard to British affairs, we will merely mention that a daily paper in this city attributed this bigoted article to the *London Morning Chronicle!*—a print which has for years been one of the most efficient organs of liberal opinions in England; and which no one at all acquainted with the English newspaper press, could for a moment suppose would give birth to a paragraph such as the one alluded to. Under date of 16th Sept., a close column is given in the *Morning Chronicle*, severely censuring the article from the *Post*;—and abounding with pith and feeling.

We are not disposed to question the authority of the functionaries about the walls of Westminster Abbey, and who have the power to honor whomsoever they please by a monument to his memory; but we would ask where is the man of honorable and reverent feelings for departed genius, who would refuse a recess in that hallowed and venerable repository of illustrious dead for an urn to him who has shed a brightness upon the literary horizon of England, which ages will not extinguish?—Whose name will be a charmed word to the aspirant for intellectual fame, for centuries to come; whose failings have almost been covered by the world, in consideration of the splendour of his course:—the ingenuousness with which he confessed his faults; and the darkness of his lot while on earth. But it is urged by the canonized Gentlemen, that the tendency of *Lord Byron's* writings was immoral. That, perhaps, in a few instances, such might have been the case, we do not pretend to deny. But had all the keepers of that mausoleum in days gone by, acted upon such a principle as now excludes *Byron's* monument from its cloisters, where now would be the statues, the pedestals, the urns, to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare—of Beaumont and Fletcher—of Ben Jonson, and of Pope. Their writings may be said to have an immoral influence, but their honorary monuments are there; the world remembers their genius, and the intellectual pilgrim feels his soul raised into a kind of rapture as he muses by the resting place of the shrewd Johnson, the nature-instructed Bards of Avon, or of Twickenham, while he forgets the foibles of their lives, and generously buries them in the oblivion of the grave. Were the former actions of all who sleep in the walls of Westminster, with honorable memories, to be disclosed, how many corrupt ministers—how many wholesale murderers, and profligate politicians, deemed unworthy of immortality, and with no gift of mind to excuse their strayings from duty, would arise from their charnel shrouds!

The fact is *Lord Byron* looked with a careful eye over the instructive leaves of nature: he painted the world as he found it. Was vice deformed and hateful?—this was his picture of the sins and follies of mankind. If it is wrong to paint with true colors the fair and the foul in existence, then was *Byron* in fault for what he described, and not otherwise. Nature is as he has described it:—If there is untold wickedness in the world, shall he who, not a participant, but a looker on, refrain from describing it?—We did not intend to protract this article:—but were the subject of these bickerings and narrow feelings extended, even the ashes of *Byron* would arise and address the men who

would break their bitter animosity on his memory, and would say, in his own lofty language:—

—“Must I restrain me, thro' the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of life?

* * * *

Dogs, or Men!—(for I flatter you in saying
That ye are dogs—your better's far) ye may
Read, or read not what I am essaying
To show ye what ye are in every way.
As little as the moon stops for the haying
Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies—turn, howl your idle wrath
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path!”

Ireland.—There is a kind of *row* in this country from one year's end to the other. Something is continually turning up to *batter* the people—either the Catholics are abusing the Protestants, or some hurley-burley fair is rise with mangled bodies and broken heads. Irving has said “they are a people of quick and generous sensibilities.” This we believe; but among the lower orders, we think they are altogether *too* quick for the safety of human life on public occasions. The nobility and gentry of Ireland are exceeded by none in the world; their refinement and sensibility is proverbial. Thus, could knowledge be permitted to scatter its light among the lower classes, would it be with them also. But, by the state of religion and politics, this is forbidden. None are more faithful to their country than they; but they are stung to madness by oppression of every kind. To retort upon their rulers is vain and futile; the burthen returns upon them seven times heavier. Full of enthusiasm, to a proverb, they believe nothing too great for them to effect. Resolute in spirit, a plan is no sooner formed, than all hearts and hands are ready for its execution. This, with the oppression of the Catholics, keeps the kingdom in a perpetual uproar.—In the country towns, mobs are enforcing what a code of civil laws denies them, and blood and murder are the consequences.

The Critic, No. 1, by Wm. Leggett, Esq., has reached us from New York. It is very handsomely got up, and great pains appear to have been bestowed upon the editorial department, as a large number of new works are noticed at some length. It is published weekly, sixteen octavo pages, at a yearly charge of five dollars.

Ladies' Literary Port Folio, by Mr. Thomas C. Clarke, of this city, has appeared. The execution is captivating, and the matter good. Mr. Clarke is one of the most enterprising literary men in Philadelphia, and deserves a better reward than has attended his previous efforts. No less than three papers have grown up under his fostering care; but, by the vicissitudes of the times, two of them have passed into other hands, without yielding him a compensation adequate to his deserts.—The *Literary Port Folio* is published semi-monthly, at two dollars, and will be embellished with engravings. We sincerely wish the editor a profitable career, as he assuredly deserves it.

Fisher's Panoramas.—One of the most interesting exhibitions now in this city, is Mr. Fisher's Panoramic views of Europe and America, to be seen at No. 48 South Fifth Street, in the room occupied by Mr. Matzel. The views are ranged around a large room, and are seen through a small glass, before which a chair is placed, that the observer can examine them at his leisure. We may truly say that we have never witnessed so beautiful a display of art as this. The view of Fair Mount, taken from the second story of Mr. Pratt's house, exceeds anything we ever beheld. It includes the Pagoda, the Shot-tower, and a great extent of the adjacent secury. Constantinople is the subject of another view, and will be looked at with peculiar interest, from the interesting posture it maintains in the affairs of Europe. The observer is gratified with a view of this immense and glorious city, from the Seraglio to the extremity of the harbor, with the crescent floating from the Seven Towers. On the fore ground are seen groups of Turks in the costume of their country, with a train

of camels, bearing produce to market. Venice, in the bosom of the Adriatic sea—Zante, built upon a stupendous rock—Rome, Florence, and Leghorn, follow each other in delightful order. The view of Athens includes the celebrated Temple of Minerva, built upon a rock behind the city, and the Temple of Theseus, built a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Besides these there are many smaller views, but all of them possessing uncommon interest—among them we may mention the burning of a village at night, and the Amphitheatre at Rome.

Mr. Fisher, the exhibitor, is the artist; and has made the Panoramas from drawings taken on the spot by himself. This collection has been open but a few days, and, considering how little it is known, has been well attended. We can safely recommend it to the patronage of the public, as for the sum of twenty-five cents, correct idea is given of some of the most celebrated scenes in the world. The rooms are open from six to ten in the evening—and those who call at any time, will see the whole, as it is stationary, and does not partake of the character of a theatrical exhibition.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A few days ago a teamster fell from his wagon at Black Rock, N. Y., and the wheel cut his ear clean from his head, without bruising his head, or otherwise injuring him. The man went away with his ear in his pocket.

Liberality.—A single church, not fifty miles from Boston, has given twelve hundred dollars to the various objects of Christian benevolence, within nine months, and this church is yet in its infancy.

Virginian Aristocracy.—The Duke of Saxe Wiemar, in “Travels through the United States,” says of the Virginians—“In conversing with these gentlemen, I observed with astonishment the aristocratical spirit which the Virginians possess. I was astonished to hear them praising hereditary nobility and primogeniture.”

More than four hundred million dollars worth of British goods have been sold at auction in New York during the last twelve years! A gigantic effort is now making to put down the auction system in that city.

An itinerant writing master, calling himself J. Field, recently absconded from Montpelier, Vt., after running up several accounts there. The papers in that state represent this as a very frequent occurrence, and it is not a very uncommon one in many other states.

Abduction.—A boy about ten years of age, named Frederick C. Bearce, has been unlawfully taken from Roxbury, Ct. by Isaac Freeman, alias, Jesse Collins, an Indian vagabond. The villain has been arrested, but nothing has been heard of the boy.

The Governor of the Territory of Arkansas, George Izard, has offered a reward of 200 dollars for the apprehension of a man named Jas. Bowers, who murdered a man named Samuel Linch, in Jefferson township, on the 4th of August last. A reward of 400 more has been offered by the father of Linch.

On the 15th of October, a young man named Lynna Brown, of Longmeadow, Ms., while at work on a mill belonging to the Shakers of Enfield, fell upon a bed of rocks below, a distance of fifty feet. He struck upon his head and shoulder, and though apparently lifeless when taken up, he was able to walk about in 48 hours after.

A colored man named Jones, was unintentionally shot in N. York, on the afternoon of the 20th ult., by a colored woman of his acquaintance, who pointed a gun at him in sport, as he entered the door, when it went off, and the whole charge entered his body, and caused his death.

Georgia.—The Duke of Saxe Wiemar says the people of Georgia are regarded as great barbarians; and he thinks this reputation not unjustly confirmed. “Their faces,” he says, “are haggard, and bear the stamp of a sickly climate. It was evident they lived in a state separated from the civilized world.”

Good Tones.—At the close of the Agricultural Exhibition in Worcester, Mass., the company sat down to a dinner at which Gov. Lincoln presided. Among the toasts were the following: “Our fair sisters—in the language of the orator, ‘the best friends and most efficient patrons of the farmer, for they would have all men to be husband-men.’”

FOR THE ARIEL.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

The grave of Washington's Mother is on a beautiful knoll, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, in a highly cultivated field. The spot is lone and unfrequented, and is designated neither by stone nor epitaph, but is merely protected by a neat and handsome railing. Yet her memory is cherished in the bosoms of Americans, as the mother of the venerated WASHINGTON.

LINES,

Written within view of the sacred enclosure.

Beneath Virginia's patriot sky,
The glory of departed days,
In modest points projecting high,
A neat enclosure meets the gaze.

Within those unfrequented walls,
There rests in everlasting sleep,
As gently as the dew, that falls
Upon the slumbering deep;

The mother of that patriot son,
Who conquered in the days of yore,
And gathered his young brow upon,
Such glory none had seen before.

The foremost in the battle-field,
The bravest in the rueful fight—
How great thy glory, who could yield
A saviour for thy country's right!

How oft upon thy kindly breast,
That infant chieftain helpless hung,
And pillow'd in thy arms to rest,
Thy soothing lullaby was sung.

How little dreaming was there then,
The warlike path he chose;
How little of the moment, when
He triumph'd o'er his foes.

No dreaming crossed thy doating heart,
Of battles, armies, sword, and fire;
Or sorrow might have taken part
In nursing of thy country's sire.

Be thine the everlasting praise,
Of breathing in that infant mind,
That virtuous feeling which could raise
Him up a light house for mankind.

Perchance he gather'd from thy lore,
Some infant views of native right,
That early from his vision tore
The curtain which obscured the light.

And opened on his manhood's gaze,
The stern oppressor's guilt;
And show'd, thro' truth's unvarying ways,
A glory on affection built.

Around thy flowret-covered grave,
The forest-bird his anthem sings,
And long as rolls the ocean's wave,
Thy grateful land its tribute brings.

No storied monument we claim,
To point the traveller to thy tomb,
Thou livest in thy country's fame,
Thy virtues must the scroll illum.

Deep in the closet of the heart,
Thy worth shall live—a matchless one—
Nor e'en with freedom shall depart
The memory of thyself and son!

THE HELIOTROPE.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled,
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Can't thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower.

The Literary Gazette states, that Mr. Murray has sold since January last, 17,000 copies of Lord Byron's Works, in four volumes. This is a striking proof of the advantage of cheap bookselling.

HUMOROUS.

DEACON SLOW.—Deacon Slow had three sons—it is unnecessary to mention his daughters—who were, as Deacons' sons are apt to be—the deuce only can tell why—very roguish. They were in the habit of poking fun at an old ram, who endeavored to make his share of the sport, by the butting them over, a kind of fun which he often manifested a disposition to play off upon the Deacon, as he marched down to salt the flock—for these were duties to which he paid strict attention, as he was exceedingly humane, except when he was made very wroth, on which occasion his anger would burn like a furnace when seven times heated. Now the Deacon's sheep pasture was on the Shawsheen river, which is narrow but deep, and the pasture terminated in a precipice which rose fifteen feet above the water and shelved over it, as a beetle-browed house hangs over a narrow street; and the boys, after they had exhausted all other fun upon the ram, were in the habit, now and then, of squatting on the edge of the precipice, and darting a hat at him, upon which he would come with blind fury thereat. The boy who held the hat could easily leap aside, and the exasperated ram was quickly cooled by a plunge headlong down the precipice into the stream. At this trick they were one day caught by the Deacon, their father, who took them into a thicket close by and anointed their backs thoroughly with the oil of birch—an excellent application in such cases made and provided. It is not always effectual, however, and in this case the disease was not cured, as the boys were a few days after waiting round the place in order to repeat the joke upon the unsuspecting and innocent ram; but on beholding their father at a distance, coming with his basket of salt, they hid in the thicket which they had so good occasion to remember. Slowly came Deacon Solomon Slow, and after he had scattered his salt, he stood upright and thought within himself, that it would be amusing to see the ram bolt over the precipice into the river. He saw no one nigh—how should he, when the boys were hid in the bushes? and taking off his broad-brimmed hat, he made demonstrations, which at once attracted the notice of the lord of the flock, who set out as usual in full speed. The Deacon had squatted close to the edge—and, as he saw the ram bounding along, he pictured out to his fancy, the ridiculous figure the silly sheep would make, bounding with a splash into the water—he began to smile—the ram at last came close, fierce on the charge, more enraged as the hat was larger than common—the Deacon grinned outright, but in the midst of his delight at the ram's ridiculous appearance—he forgot to jump aside, and the beast butted him over with a splash into that water where he intended the silly sheep should have gone. The boys ran out clapping their hands and shouting "you've got it, dad—you've got it dad," in all the extacy of revenge. Deacon Solomon Slow crawled out from his bath with a visage longer than he had ever worn before. This was his last smile. He was afterwards called Deacon Solemn by his neighbors, among whom he lived and died at a venerable old age.

A NEWSPAPER.—A newspaper! It is the cradle of genius—the record of truth. Woop-cut engravings adorn it, and the muses smile graciously upon it. A newspaper! It is the picture of the world.—Cast thine eyes over its grim pages; like

that, all is confusion and bustle—each one pushing forward to attract attention by arts no matter how trivial. Little ships and big ships; steam-boats, with their roaring wheels and black smoke, whiz past us; post coaches and post boys; boxes of tea and barrels of Cogniac; Franklin gridirons, and Lafayette bedsteads;—strayed animals and found animals, are all mingled promiscuously together.—"Money!" cries the lottery office. "Fire!" cries the insurance company. Strange, that between both, men cannot get money and keep it. Some applicants for public notice are very modest in their approaches, only soliciting favor as long as they deserve it; others are more aware of their claims on public gratitude, and surely some are prompted by the very spirit of philanthropy. The same diversified scene! In one column a fire, in the next a successful speculation. Here a man eats himself to death, there a child is starving; the widow solicits a pittance, and the rich man offers his loan; the register of Death numbers the old, the middle-aged and the young. *Matrimony!* ah, the list is generally long and appalling. *Notice!* alas, some Jonathan is close at hand, advertising his refractory rib; what is the matter with thy wife, friend? is thy steak cooked too much? or are thy potatoes burnt up? or thy door locked at 12 P. M., and thou on the out-side? or did she love gadding about? she must be a mild creature, for she makes no angry retort. A newspaper! it makes one love this little round ball of earth. All the ships are well built, copper bottomed, and fast sailing; the houses are in good repair—extensive out-grounds, delightfully situated, no lime bleached linens or damaged cambrics; no mouldy almonds or damaged oranges, or sour raisins; Madeira wine and Spanish segars are all of trans-Atlantic origin. In short, every thing comes from its proper place. Human beings, too, seem to be very social—so many partnerships.—Sometimes, indeed, we find some little soul, armed with a patent right, elbowing his way through the crowd, threatening chains and slavery to all who dare invade his proper sphere; but generally, men seem to have coupled themselves together in loving fellowships. Much as our world has been abused by misanthropes and despised by poets, we doubt whether they would find in the clouds any thing half so convenient. Why, here is everything; theatres and circuses, rope dancers and singers, gardens and gunpowder; doctors for the sick, teeth for the toothless, wigs for the bald, braces for the ill-shaped, rouge for the pale, and white lead for the rosy. It is indeed a bright and beautiful world, and we pray, gentle reader, that thou mayst be preserved from the spirit of love and poetry; only read thy newspaper punctually, and it will always appear to thee bright and beautiful.

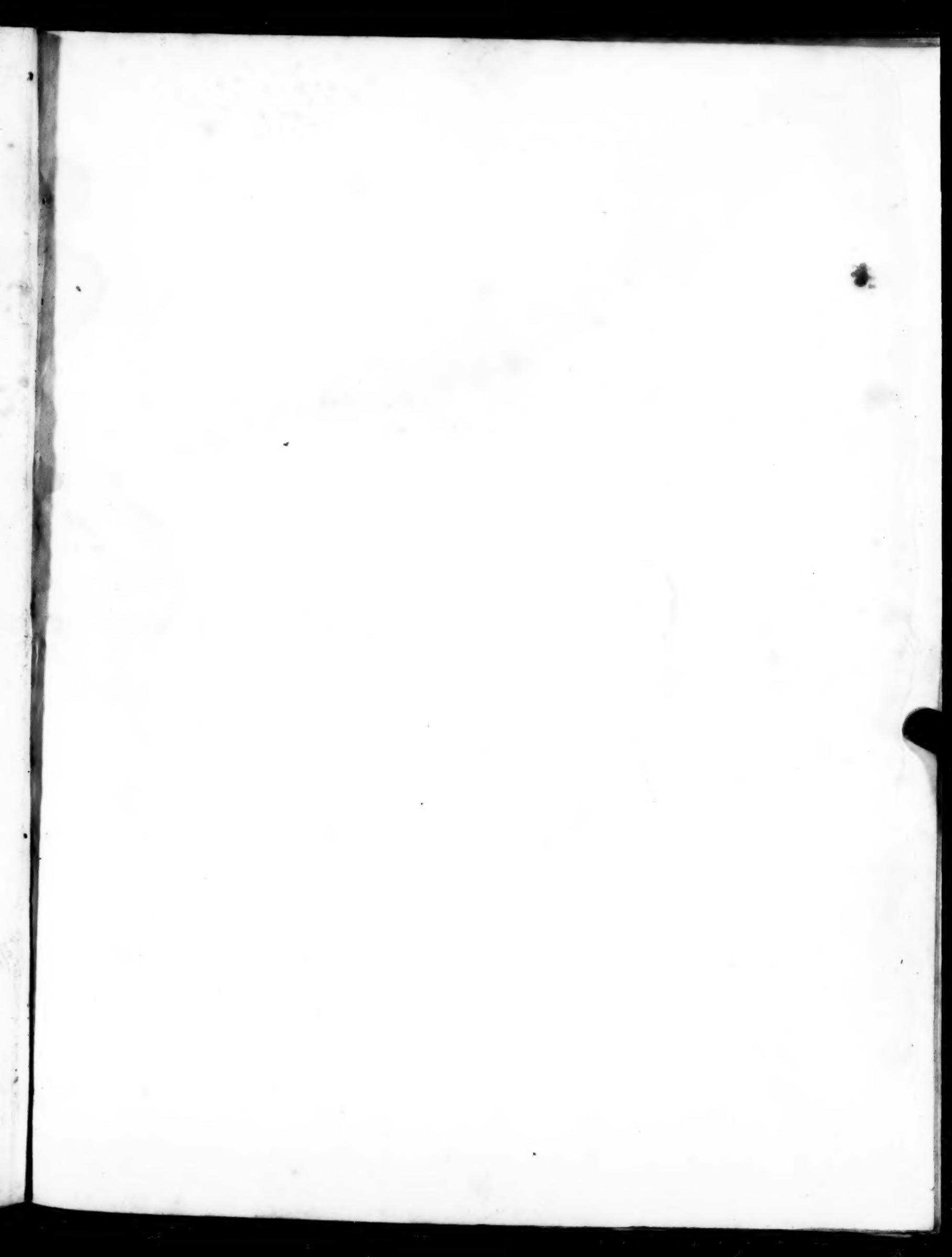
A PROFITABLE TREE.—Mr. Samuel R. Johnson, of Charlestown, has this year received the sum of \$49 29 for the produce of a single Plum tree, of the White Gage species. The tree is but six years old.

THE ARIEL

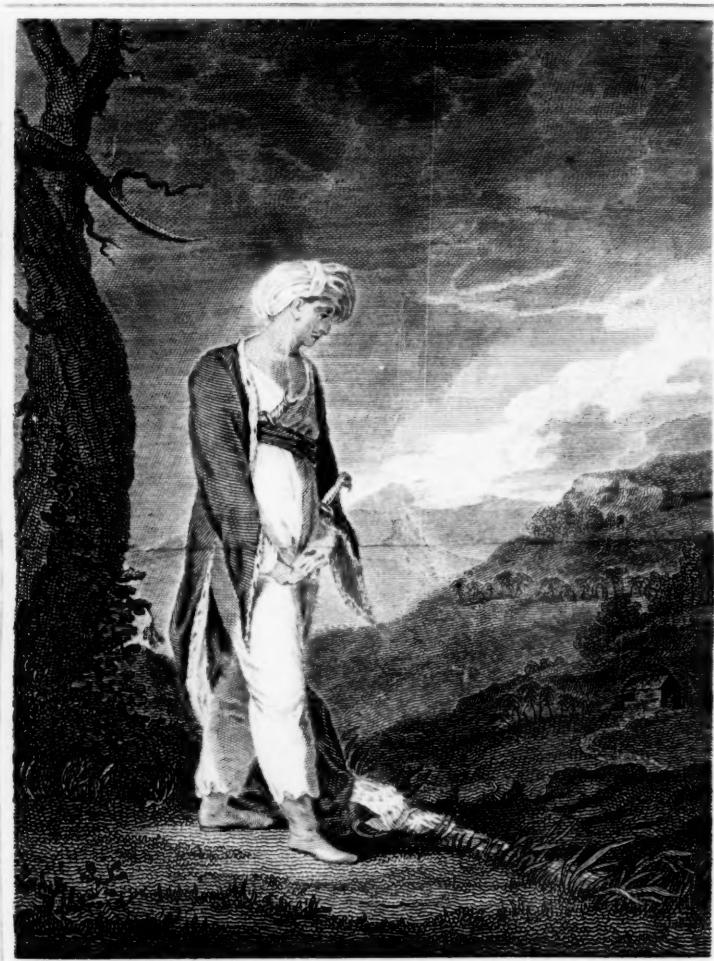
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Any person who will procure seven subscribers, and remit \$10, at the editor's risk, shall receive an eighth copy for his trouble. Orders for copies thankfully received. All letters must be post paid.



LEBEID; THE ARABIAN POET.



V. Sully pince

Leavy sculp

Dear ruins! how many a year has pass'd by,
Since here with the fair one accustomed to rove,
The glance of affection I caught from her eye,
And LEBEID exchanged the sweet rons with his love!